

PEN AND PENCIL HERE HELP US TO LAUGH A LITTLE AT THE LIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE

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Saved



—Sydney Bulletin. "What the devil was that?" "Another blinky shell." "Thank heaven, I thought it was the blinking tire busted."

A Life of Ease



—Sydney Bulletin. "An' wot'll y' do when y' boy goes to the front?" "Nothin'—if 'a lets me draw 'a pay."

The Face on the Barroom Floor



—Louisville Times.

Calculating His Worth



—Sydney Bulletin. The Man—He is a fascinating man and he has such an honest ring to him. The Woman—I wonder if he's dyin' to bestow it on a nice girl?

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says Germany is very much mistaken if she thinks we're going to let her sue for peace, as we certainly aren't going to permit an important matter like this to drag through the courts.

DISMISSED

By FONTAINE FOX SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG

The Horror of It



THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE EMPIRE



—The Bystander. Tommy (come on leave after three years in the East)—Pardon me, gov'nor, but where 'ave they hid all the girls?

Unblushin' Candor



—The Tattler. He—Did she say, "This is so sudden," when you proposed to her? She—No, old man; she was honest and said, "This suspense has been terrible."



Feedin' Grampa's Carp



—The Tattler. First Lady—Nice bit of carp, ain't it? Second lady—Well, mine's a bit stringy. First lady—Try it with yer veil off, deary.



—The Bystander. "Three shillings a pound for kippers? But the controlled price is twopenny." "Ah, yes, madam, but these are cultivated kippers."



—Sydney Bulletin. She—Dearest, I can't bear to think of your wearing a gas mask. They're so frightfully unbecoming.

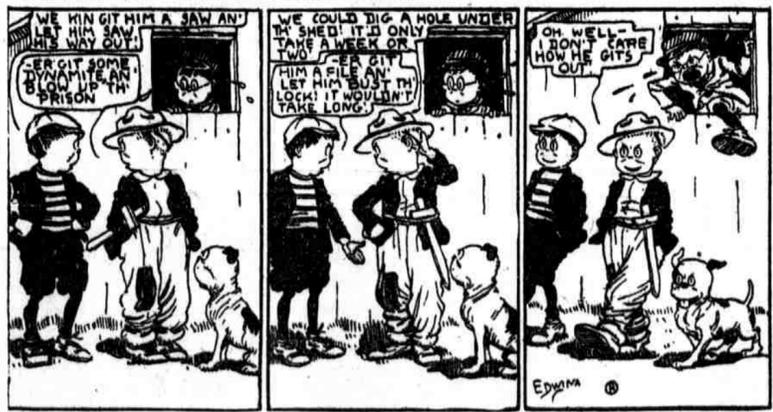


—The Passing Show. "Hello! What's the meaning of this?" "Oh, the missus said she never wanted to see my face again—and I'm trying to make her repent."

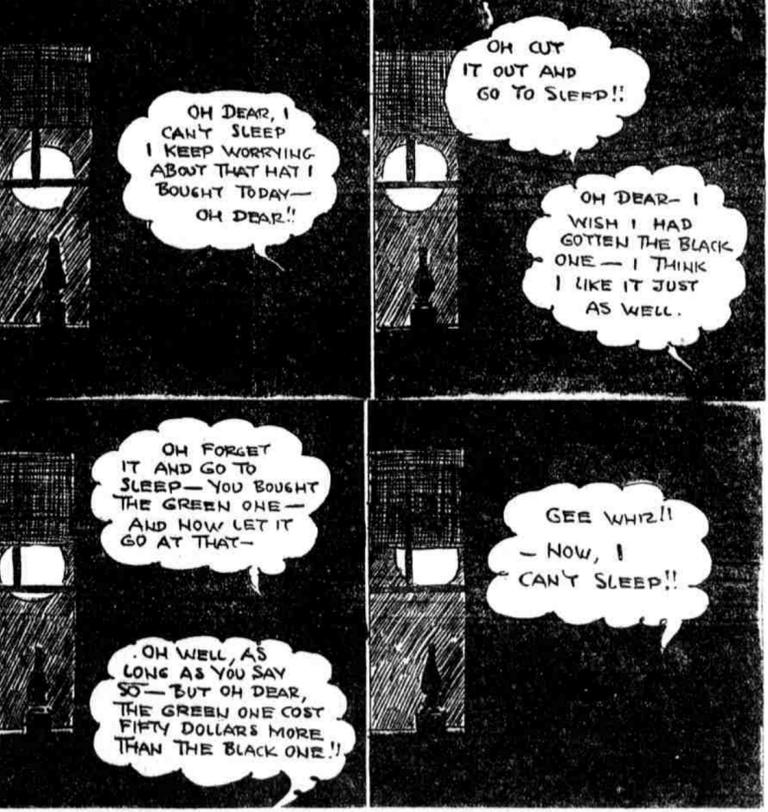


—Sydney Bulletin. Her—Why don't you enlist instead of getting married? Him—Well, y' know, the V. C. is not as easy to get as y'd think.

"CAP" STUBBS—Summy Is a Prisoner of War By EDWINA



PETTY—Next Time He Will Let Her Race Alone By C. A. VOIGHT



—Sydney Bulletin. Fritz—I vos a brudder got in Australia. He vos now one Australian. Noder brudder in America vos. He vos now von Yankee. Von ruder, she Afrikaander vos. I vos now der only Sherman left in der family.



—Sydney Bulletin. Old Brother—Now that strikes me as a silly hat. Why, you can't see where you're going and it doesn't shade the back of your head. Young Sister—Newer mind my head or where I'm going. The purpose of a woman's hat is to make men look under it.

THE GUMPS—Which Lets Andy Out By SIDNEY SMITH



—Sydney Bulletin. Prisoner—Do you think there could be less extravagance in women? The Curate—Oh, no; merely less extravagance in men.